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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1907.

Please.

As a people, we have not been particularly noted for the grace of our public manners, but it seems that in an effort to reduce the friction of life to the minimum, it is necessary that we elide some of the customs of politeness and get down to a bed-rock basis. Mr. A. J. Ulrich, manager of the Keystone Telephone Company, of Philadelphia, has ordered the 450 girls in the company to cease using the word "please." He has also requested that patrons of the company, that is, all users of the telephone, cut out the word in their conversations over the 'phone. Instead of "Please give me North 428," it is to be "Give me North 428," or possibly just the number itself without any prefix at all. Mr. Ulrich, who is evidently a thrifty gentleman, declares that the word please has been used 900,000 times every twenty-four hours, and that it takes one-half a second to say it. This means that in the aggregate 7,500 minutes are wasted every day—125 hours gone to pot for politeness' sake.

With all due regard to Mr. Ulrich and his waste of time, we are inclined to decry this new move. The natural trend toward gross materialism and selfishness is rapid enough without the promulgation of such rules as this. Life is not simply to hurry through, frantically striving to attain so much before we get to the end. When we do get to the end, we are a long time dead. In the meantime, this business of pushing people out of the way because we are in too much of a hurry to ask them to step aside; this hanging on to car straps because we can't wait for seats; the bolting of a rapid-fire lunch because we are making money so fast that we haven't time to waste in eating, and the snappy, snarling habit of our conversation because we have no time to be courteous and polite—all these things are leaving, and are bound to leave, an indelible and undesirable mark on our public character. "Please" is a little word, but it means a whole lot. Its absence from a request marks the difference between the boor and the gentleman; not the man distinguished by any accident of birth, but the man of gentle will, of courtly and kindly feeling—the man who has time really to live.

We can omit it from our conversation if we choose, and we shall certainly gain time thereby; but what shall we lose? In this day and age of strenuous competition and striving we need, indeed, to cling stoutly to the customs honored by time which make for consideration of others, for our own self-respect, and which, slight and careless as they may seem to the busy man, sweeten life and social intercourse. In spite of that 125 hours saved a day, let us hang on our good manners, please!

The next scion of royalty who comes to visit this country would do well to bring along a supply of glass beads, brass necklaces, jumping-jacks, and toy balloons for our fool souvenir hunters.

Suggestions for Currency Reform.

The annual meetings of State bankers' associations are bringing forth the usual crop of suggesions for the reform of our national currency system. United States Treasurer Treat, speaking before the Pennsylvania association at Pittsburg, submitted a plan for the issue of emergency bank notes during the crop-moving season, to be secured by State or municipal bonds and redeemable five, six, and nine months from date. Mr. Treat argued that, as the government now had a monopoly of the currency issue, it should provide means for its expansion to meet temporary necessities. He thought his plan would safeguard the market value of United States bonds—a matter of importance, owing to their extensive use for banking purposes—while it would perform an inestimable service to the people at a time of financial need.

Dr. Edwin F. Meade, of the University of Pennsylvania, and a well-known financial authority, took the New York banks to task for not making adequate provision for the financing of the crop movement. He asserted that the deposits of country banks in New York were loaned out to the limit and the surplus reserve reduced to the narrowest margin, so that when the demand for currency sets in, it finds insufficient funds available, forcing the calling in of loans and an advance in the interest rate. The annual recurrence of this demand may be counted on with as much regularity as the harvests, but it as regularly finds the banks unprepared to meet it. Dr Meade was convinced that reform of this recurring trouble could be accomplished by requiring the metropolitan national banks to carry a much larger reserve, say of 35 or 40 per cent, upon which they should be permitted to draw to meet the demands of their correspondents. He estimated the amount of cash New York banks are annually called on to supply for the crop movement at $150,000,000 to $200,000,000.

The differing points of view taken by these two financial authorities suggests that one of the main difficulties in the way of rational currency reform is the lack of general agreement on a remedy for the admitted deficiencies of our present currency system. Everybody agrees that its principal defect is that it fails to accommodate itself to the needs of trade, which requires a larger currency supply at one season than at another; but where is the financier or statesman with a remedy for this trouble at once financially sound and politically possible? Secretary Cortelyou will win enduring fame if he shall prove himself equal to the task of straightening out our tangled currency system.

The temperature fell thirty-six degrees in a Pennsylvania town recently, and thus far as many as two or three newspapers have manfully refrained from laying it on Mr. Fairbanks.

For Mayor of Cleveland.

It is indeed a curious state of conditions which has led to wide national interest in the municipal politics of a city like Cleveland, Ohio. With the picturesque Mr. Tom L. Johnson, four times mayor of Cleveland, and a conspicuous figure in Ohio politics for more than a decade, Cleveland has always attracted its share of interest, but it bids fair now to come out into the limelight stronger than ever. Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, a prominent figure in Congress as chairman of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, has temporarily forsaken national politics to serve his party by running against Mayor Johnson, who will undoubtedly be his party's candidate for re-election.

What lends particular picturesqueness to the coming municipal contest in Cleveland is that Representative Burton has frankly declared that his decision to run for mayor of Cleveland has been influenced greatly by the views of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and Secretary Garfield. He himself said in an interview: "I have received letters from President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, and have talked with Secretary Garfield, whose opinions have aided me in reaching a decision." It cannot help striking the average citizen that Mr. Burton is risking a great deal in the hope of aiding his party in Ohio. Tom L. Johnson has long had a firm hold on many classes of people in Cleveland. He has become known as strongly in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities, though time seems to have modified his views in this regard. Still, he has done something for the municipality, and it is evident that the people of Cleveland, or at least great numbers of them, believe in him and like him.

Representative Burton is surely entitled in a high degree to the esteem of the people of Cleveland. Eight times elected to Congress, he has served his constituents with ability, and has held in these later years a commanding position in the House. It will be interesting, indeed, to note whether the indorsement of the President and of two members of his Cabinet will be an aid to Mr. Burton in a strictly municipal campaign. It may be that Mr. Burton will find such indorsements a great help in his political fight, but, on the other hand, it is not unlikely that the friends of Mr. Johnson will raise the cry that the Federal government and its officials should keep their influence away from the municipal activities of Cleveland. The situation is unique, and it promises ere long to develop some mighty interesting phases.

Why should people, when seeking to be emphatic, persistently speak of the truth as "solemn?" Why not "the cheerful truth" occasionally?

Heredity and the Race Problem.

In the September issue of Uncle Remus' Magazine M. A. Lane makes an attempt to apply to the race problem certain sociological inferences from the continuous germ-plasm theory of August Weismann, the German biologist, who has contributed to the world of science a series of singularly acute and profound studies of the intricate questions of heredity. The processes of evolution can only be explained by the facts of heredity, but these are as yet imperfectly known, and even hotly disputed. Prof. Weismann's theory of heredity is opposed to the commonly accepted belief that the characteristics acquired by an individual during his lifetime are transmitted to his descendants. As stated by Mr. Lane, the Weismann theory is that while man's body is not immortal, a part of it is, and this part, which the German savant calls the germ-plasm, "is handed down immortal and continuous, from generation to generation, unbroken and unchanged—except in certain circumstances—by the adventures of the body itself in the surroundings, or environment, in which it lives."

Now, what are the sociological implications of this theory of heredity, as interpreted by Mr. Lane? They are that race characteristics are fixed and unchangeable, and that, therefore, philanthropic, educational, and other efforts directed toward racial improvement and advancement are futile, being contrary to nature's mode of evolution. The racial germ-plasm, says Mr. Lane, is of differing degrees of complexity, and "if the nature of the germ-plasm determines what the individual is to be, we can readily see that the chances are infinity to one that the Jap or the negro will ever develop into an individual like the white man." To develop a brain like that of the white man the negro must develop the white man's germ-plasm. The white man, Mr. Lane tells us, has worked up his germ-plasm from one not unlike that of existing savages, but he thinks the chances that the negro, the Japanese, or the Malay will develop a like germ-plasm are as one to infinity. The generic differences in the racial germ-plasm, in other words, condemns these races to permanent and insurmountable inferiority to the white race. That they may be taught to imitate some of the things the white man does Mr. Lane concedes, but that they can develop spontaneously a civilization as strong and complex as that of Europe he deems an improbable and unprovable assumption.

Mr. Lane is of opinion that an understanding of the main facts of organic evolution will largely modify the trend of reform movements, many of which he regards as fatuous. He particularly dwells on the uselessness of attempts to reform confirmed criminals, who are in reality savages, and so incapable, on his theory, of moral or intellectual improvement. Social repugnance to marriage with individuals having well-defined criminal characteristics would, in a few generations, make criminal codes and prisons unnecessary. So, too, avoidance of marriage with persons having transmissible diseases would, in time, cut down the total quantity of disease. Eliminate the germ-plasm which carries to posterity criminal tendencies, or transmits disease, by letting it die, is Mr. Lane's formula for social regeneration. But to attempt the civilization of the Chinese, the Japanese, the negro, or the Malay, in the belief that they may be elevated to an equality with the white man, is a hopeless and senseless undertaking, because racial differences go to the very origin of life, and are found to exist in the very substance which transmits racial characteristics from generation to generation.

We are not prepared to dispute the truth of Mr. Lane's inferences from the Weismannic theory of heredity, but it may be well to point out that the theory itself, like a number of others brought forward to explain the mysteries of biology, is by no means a demonstrated postulate, but is, in fact, a subject of strenuous scientific controversy. Mr. Lane assumes its validity for purposes of argument, and his conclusions based on that assumption are obviously subject to serious qualification. They may all be true, but does anybody really know?

Perhaps Mrs. Earle is so cheerful about it all because she knows what is coming to that "affinity" when the novelty of the thing has worn off.

A Return to Army Blue.

The War Department believes it is on the verge of settling the problem which arises from the disposition of certain proprietors of public places of entertainment to exclude therefrom enlisted men of the army when they present themselves dressed in the uniform of the service. Some one has suggested that the whole difficulty could be avoided by allowing men "on pass," that is to say, when they are away from their garrisons and not on duty, to wear the blue uniform instead of the olive-drab, which is the working dress for winter, or the khaki uniform, which is the working dress for summer. It is considered that the objection to enlisted men in uniform may correspond to the objection which would prevail if a laborer appeared at a theater or at a high-toned restaurant in his jumper and overalls.

It is proposed to issue a general order which will require enlisted men to wear the blue uniform instead of the olive-drab or khaki, and so appear "dressed up." It will be interesting to observe if the experiment meets with success, and if the skating rink owners and the theater managers in various places where there has been shown a prejudice against the soldier in uniform will be more liberal. It is imaginable that most people who think about the subject at all find no more objection to the soldier because he wears olive-drab or khaki than if he wore the historic blue. In either case he must be neat in his attire, and unless that quality prevails for the blue uniform it will avail nothing more than has been the case hitherto.

A Lowell (Mass.) paper has discovered that "an Englishman may now marry his widow's sister." It would certainly be a grave undertaking, however.

A Denison (Tex.) woman recently whipped a wildcat. Bet $4.15 we can tell who gets up and lights the kitchen fire in that house every morning!

The Columbia River salmon catch is said to be unusually small this season. Unless the minced crab artists go slow on the catfish supply this may complicate the salmon situation later on.

"Don't be conspicuous," says Beatrice Fairfax. Beatrice, you know, is one of those shy, shrinking young things who believe in giving advice, not taking it.

Why should the scientists worry themselves about an earthquake they cannot locate? Surely we have trouble enough with those we can.

A Southern editor wrote it "Ladies Especially Welcome During Old Home Week;" Prof. Linotype sent it forth "Ladies Especially Welcome During Old Hag Week"—and now the whole thing is off!

A Maryland farmer wandered about the streets of Baltimore the other day offering 25 cents for a wife. Except for the fact that it is against the law to sell them, there isn't much doubt that he would have been accommodated before he had searched extensively.

There used to be a standing row between the States of Tennessee and Georgia as to which owned Chattanooga. Now that Chattanooga will be the nearest oasis after January 1, Georgia has quit squabbling.

"Nothing resembling perpetual motion has yet been discovered," says a scientific magazine. What about George Fred Williams' jaw?

"The most lying of all mendacious proverbs is that which affirms that two heads is better than one," says the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. Rather ungrammatical old proverb, too.

"It can truthfully be said that prohibition has not killed Kansas by a good deal," says the Birmingham News. But in reality, has Kansas ever had anything more than near-prohibition?

"There are several insurmountable obstacles in the way of nominating Judge Parker again," says a contemporary. The principal one of which is the Democratic party.

A sense of discretion should prompt Capt. Hobson to reserve a reasonable amount of belligerency and strategic ability for operating against "Uncle Joe" Cannon next winter.

Gov. Vardaman turned down an offer of $7,500 per year to become the editor of a Mississippi paper. We presume nobody will ever again question the governor's nerve.

It seems that The Washington Herald was mistaken about Candidate Crabtree, of Chattanooga, not having opposition for the mayoralty. We trust, nevertheless, that the forthcoming fight may not tend to sour that excellent gentleman's disposition.

"This is the season of taik," says the Jacksonville Times-Union. It isn't a circumstance to what it will be this time next year!

Prince Ari Pai, who is to marry the ex-Queen of Hawaii, weighs 300 pounds. Still, no one ever referred to the bride-to-be as "Airy Fairy Lillian."

George Bernard Shaw says that no one should eat as many as three meals a day. It is not probable he thought that way about it when his annual income was $3.67.

Fires may come and fires may go, but Marse Henry stays put!

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden ate three railroad doughnuts while in this country. Evidently he understood that he was expected to do something strenuous.

Difficult to Imagine.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Still, it looks like a violent stretch of the imagination to conceive of Uncle Joe Cannon as "Waiting at the Church."

Postponement He's Looking For.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Maybe Col. Bryan thinks Secretary Taft will postpone licking him for President in 1908.

Deserving Fate.

From the Dallas News.

He that rocks a boat and survives will blow into a loaded gun some day.

A SUNDAY TALK.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now thy God?
But our God is in the heavens.
—Psalms, cxv:1,2,3.

Nowhere in the whole Bible is there such a ringing note of confidence and inspiration as in the 115th Psalm, in which David, the poet, with all the poet's fervor and eloquence, seemed to spurn the grossness of earth and rise to heavenly heights in his praise of the glory of God. The song he sang then, in sheer love of God and happiness, and in the hope of inspiring those who heard it to greater confidence in the Most High and less regard for purely material things, has come ringing down to us through the ages to be a joy to the sorrowing, a hope to the despairing, a comfort to the afflicted. And is this day of special pleading in the pulpits, when the preachers set up as professors to expound to us their theories of ethics or of social economy or of municipal government—matters about which we can learn much better elsewhere than in church—it seems such a grave mistake that to a people steeped in maternalism the glorious message of David is not more often expounded.

Did this song of praise have a meaning only to the people of Israel? Has not its exhortation a special fitness to us of today? Here we are glorifying ourselves and our endeavor! We point with pride to our industries, to our riches, to our art, to our well-being. All over the land we raise statues to those among us who have wrought well and nobly. We are the great people; the magnificent nation; we are the leaders of the world. And as individuals are we not all self-sufficient? I can write; my brother can build houses; the next man can make millions—it is what we can do of ourselves, and we are proud of it, and boast.

And in our pride and self-gratification is it not about time that we should harken to this song of long ago:

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

In spite of all the substitutes that scientists have tried to pass off on us; in spite of the well-constructed theories of the evolutionists, the geologists, and the others, who, seeing dimly into the past, would have us believe that thought can reach beyond the infinite, the fact remains that we of to-day still need, as much as David did, a belief in a personal God.

"Where is now our God?" was the cry of the heathen in David's time. It is the cry of the materialists in our own day. Where is our God? Can we, dare we, look about the world and ask that question? Is it not answered in every step we take, in every breath we draw, in every task we essay?

The work of our hands is good—but it is God's. The world is fair and bright to look upon, and love is there, and gentleness, and kindness—but they are from God. "Our God is in the heavens," as David sang years ago and as Robert Browning repeated after him, and as all truly inspired poets have declared. God's in His heavens! If it is to be that all's right with the world, it must be because we make it right. If we fail the fault is ours, and we must strive bravely and unfalteringly again and yet again.

If we succeed, let us not arrogate to ourse'ves the strength, the wisdom, the success! Held in the hollow of God's hand, we live and move and have our being. Into our hands is intrusted the battle flag of life. Let us try with all our might and all our courage to carry it unsullied to the front. We may fail and falter and drag it in the dust, but still we may rise and struggle on, and over on; and when the fight is won and back to our General's hands we return the banner, in rags perhaps, but—let us pray, still undishonored—not for us to pride ourselves upon the victory. "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us!" The glory will be God's, from whom all blessings come.

SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP.

A Home View of It That Is Not Altogether Complimentary.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The Lynchburg News thinks that the time has come when the South should move to the front as an active factor in determining the principles and policies of the national Democratic party. For forty years, we are admonished, the solid vote of this section has been given in support of any leader and any platform that the delegates from other localities seemed to favor, with the result, as the News says, that "the attitude of the Southern Democracy toward the natonal political situation became practically a voiceless if not a spineless quantity."

The South has itself to blame, however, for the situation described by our Virginia contemporary, and speaking with perfect frankness, the Southern Democracy is certainly not now in position to lead the party. It has been a very active factor in determining the principles and policies of the party in the last twelve years, at least, and there has not been a heresy or a fad during all this period to which it has not given its allegiance. It participated in the nomination of Mr. Bryan; it was fully represented on the committee and platform in all the Democratic conventions that have been held since the war. It has voted solidly for the candidates of its own selection, and it is late in the day to say now that it must move to the front as an active factor in determining the principles and policies of the national Democratic party. That is what it has been doing all these years, and with what result the country is well informed. The South must bear its full share of blame for the failure of the party to score in national politics. Certainly the South cannot hope to make much of an impression upon the sober sense of the country by clinging to the false gods which it has followed in the past.

Our Basis of Prosperity.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Farmers have had ten years of good crops and good prices. In most of the years they have had both. Deficiencies in one corn and one cotton crop were more than made good to them by high prices. Last year they took in more money than ever before, and this year they are likely to take in $1,000,000,000 more than they did last year. They will buy freely many sorts of merchandise and they will have money to invest. Good business is about as certain as it can be for another twelve months.

Does Taft Hold the Royal Flush?

From the New York Herald.

The Washington Herald intimates that Mr. Taft will face at least three Kings during his trip around the world. Even four can be beaten.

MAKE ROOM.

They cumber the world with their follies,
The idle, the thriftless, the vain;
They sow not, but reap; they toil not, but sleep;
Idlers of body and brain.

Make room! Make room!
Speed on to your doom,
Or show your warrant to stay
By a deed of worth
For the crowded earth—
An' you live you must surely pay.

There are millions of unborn legions
Awaiting a chance to try;
From the outer spaces they seek your places;
Hasten you, then, and die.

Make room! Make room!
Speed on to your doom,
Or yield up the sword or pen,
Or your tools of trade,
With rust o'erlaid.
To men who will work for men.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MEN AND THINGS.

The Greek Catholics.

In the United States there are about 500,000 Greek Catholics. They are principally from Austria-Hungary. They must not be confounded with the Greek Orthodox churchmen, who come from Russia and Greece. The Greek Catholics are those of the Eastern Greek Church, who are in full communion with the Roman Catholics, and who acknowledge the Pope as the chief bishop and head of the church. Most of the Greek Catholics in this country are by nationality Ruthenians or "little Russians," Roumanians, Italians, and Syrians. The Ruthenians come from Galatia and the Carpathian Mountains, the Roumanians from Eastern Hungary, the Italians from Calabria and Sicily, and the Syrians from various parts of Turkey. They have prospered greatly in the United States, and are settled mostly in Pennsylvania. They have at present over 100 churches, about 40 schools, and 98 priests.

Freak Names in Chicago.

The new city directory of Chicago shows an increase not only in the population of the Windy City, but in the freak names of some of its citizens. There is one man named Ex, another Ek, and there are two Amens. One man is named Mud, and there is also Clay, Gravel, Sand, and one Cement. Queer American names are Szyszklawick and Cyzsz. There are 6,549 Johnsons and 4,877 Smiths. The nature-fakers are well represented for there is one Cat, five Lions, two Elks, five Moose, and any number of Foxes.

The Song of the Shirt Needed.

That the condition of the British sewing woman has not been bettered since the days when Thomas Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt" is seen by testimony recently taken by the select committee of the House of Commons. The president of the Woman's Trade Union League said that the home workers were too poor to help themselves. She told of one woman who could earn only 75 cents a week by shirtmaking. She told of other shirtmakers who received 31 cents a dozen for making shirts. She showed the committee blue cotton shirts which were made for 13 cents a dozen, and she declared that without charitable subsidies or poor-law relief the persons who accepted these low wages could not exist.

Gold in Quantity.

The richest gold mines in the world are the Witwatersrand mines, in the Transvaal, South Africa. But the conglomerate here runs only the insignificant amount of ten pennyweights to the ton. It required a new process to extract this gold, but science and invention supplied that. The gold-bearing reef is forty miles in length, twenty miles in width, and borings to a depth of 3,500 feet show gold in undiminished quantities. To get this gold out is only a question of machinery and labor. The annual production of Transvaal gold now exceeds $100,000,000, and the record is broken every month. Scientists say that this rock can be worked for centuries without making a serious impression on its vast extent.

Four Apples for Rent.

In foreign countries it is not unusual for people to hold land from the crown under peculiar terms of rental, such as giving two swans a year to the royal park, or furnishing a hogshead of wine for the royal cellars, but there is an American who is to get a peculiar rent for his land this year also. He is George Claiborn, of Iola, Kans. He owns a cider and vinegar works, and is lamenting the fact that he has to shut down because of the lack of fruit. He also owns a farm in Salem township, and under the terms by which it is leased to a tenant he is to receive as rent one-half of the apples grown in the orchard on the place. His renter informed him that Mr. Claiborn's share this year will be just four apples, and he inquired whether he wanted them delivered in town or would call for them.

Stealing Elephants.

It does not seem that an elephant would be an easy thing to steal—almost as hard as an automobile, in fact, but one of the British consuls reports that the teak industry in Siam is seriously hampered by the incessant thefts of the timber elephants, those—

Elephants a-piling teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak.

One of the consul's four transport elephants was stolen while grazing near Chiengmai, and has not yet been recovered. Out of ninety-nine elephants reported stolen in the last year, fifty were taken from the Salween district, and in nearly every case when the thieves get away with an elephant they take it into that district and keep it there until the brand has been removed before taking it into British territory for sale.

Boys and the Farm.

One of the men who views with disapproval the steady movement of the lads from the farm toward the cities is A. P. Grout, of Bloomington, Ill., one of the best known scientic farmers and stockmen in Illinois. He has inaugurated a movement to counteract the tendency to leave the rural districts, and has opened on his farm, in Scott County, what he terms a farm encampment and school for boys. Here lads are given one week of practical instruction, supplemented with open air lectures by men who are posted on stock raising and scientific farming. The sons of farmers are taking a great interest in the movement, it is said.

Railways in China.

That there is a great and profitable field for the development of railways in China is shown from the success which the Germans are having with the Shantung Railway Company, which runs in Tsingtau, the German leased territory. In its report for 1906 it shows that 823,000 passengers and 368,000 tons of freight were carried over the line. This is a daily average of 2,260 passengers and over 1,000 tons of freight. At Choutsun and Weihsien the congestion of passenger traffic has been so great that the waiting rooms have had to be given up to the general public. Complaints are rife among the Chinese as to their inability to secure tickets in time, and this will necessitate an extension of facilities. It is expected that a dividend of 4 per cent will be given to shareholders for the year's business. A list of goods and the quantities hauled by the railroad is an excellent index of the foreign business done in Shantung province, and American business men might do worse than study it for opportunities.

South Manchurian Railway.

The South Manchurian Railway is transferring its head office from Tokyo to Dalny, Manchuria, retaining only a branch office at Tokyo. This company is endeavoring to raise a loan of $40,000,000 in London, but so far without success. The whole gauge of the road has to be changed, and expensive grading and filling has to be done before the road can come to its greatest usefulness. It taps a rich country, however, and is bound to do much for the development of the agricultural resources of the country through which it runs. Baron Goto is president of the company, and he has been empowered to fix the rate of interest for the new loan, part of which is to be used for capitalizing the coal mines along the route, buying lands, and extending the warehouses.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SHIFT THE SCENES.

Apples mellow,
Golden sheaves;
Red and yellow
Autumn leaves.
Hustle out the autumn props.
Hoist away those summer drops.

Harvest frolic,
County fair;
Joys bucolic
Everywhere.
Hunter's moon, and quail that call.
Time to set the stage for fall.

The Poetry Boom.

"How's the market to-day?" inquired Byron Boggs.

"Sonnets steady," replied Swinburne Snooks, "and triolets firm. Magazine quatrains bullish; 105 offered, 112 asked. Couplets in great demand."

Those Foolish Questions.

"Hello, old man. Back in town again?"

"No, I am out on the ocean, sailing my boat. Look out now, I'm going to jibe."

More Trouble.

"Baer is saying things about the President."

"Get the wheelbarrow, Loeb!"

The Press Humorist.

Poor Pegasus in harness
Must do his daily bit;
And plod, I ween,
Hitched up between
The shafts of alleged wit.

Filler.

"Is the legitimate actor to go?"

"Not yet," answered Yorick Hamm. "They still need us to hold the stage while the star changes her gowns."

Almanac.

"What is the Almanach de Gotha?"

"A sort of ducal joke-book."

Plenty of Material.

"Don't you at times get hard pressed for a topic?"

"Oh, no," responded the press humorist.

"But what have you to depend on?"

"Well, there's spring, summer, autumn, and winter."

"Yes."

"And Roosevelt. What more does a man want?"

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

GOING AWAY.

At 5 a. m. she roused us all,
Her train was due to leave at 10;
She hurried up and down the hall,
Then down and up the hall again.
She'd pack her trunk and suit case, too,
She'd surely get an early start;
And then she learned what father knew,
That packing trunks is quite an art.

Shirt waists pink and shirt waists white,
Shirt waists closed and peek-a-boo;
Trailing gowns to wear at night,
Underwear and stockings, too;
Collar tops at least a score,
Corset covers tight or ten;
Linen handkerchiefs galore
Packed and then unpacked again.

Fluster, bluster, fret, and fume,
Wouldn't take the time to eat;
Strewing things about the room,
Packing trunks is quite a feat.
All the time informing Dad
Of the chores that he must do;
Hopes, of course, he won't be bad,
Just because she's out of view.

Great excitement seems to reign,
Mother's nerves are quite upset;
Hopes she will not miss the train,
Feels that something she'll forget.
All these prepafations o'er,
Now a fond farewell we speak;
Going for two months or more?
No, she'll just be gone a week.

Heard on the Street Car.

First female strap hanger—Are you going out to the State fair?

Second female strap hanger (looking at the men occupying the seats)—I should think not. You can see enough pigs on a street car for a nickel without going out to the State fair, and paying 50 cents to see them.

Whereupon did the man in the nearest seat offer her his place? He did not. He simply gazed at the lady and grunted.

Often.

"Did your wife write to you often while she was away?"

"I should say so. Every time she needed money."

Uneasy.

"What makes Mr. Rich so uneasy at the table? I never saw him that way before."

"Why, don't you know? He's eating corn on the cob and he's afraid some one's watching him."

The Ceaseless Round.

Life is a great expense account,
A ceaseless round of toil;
No sooner is the iceman paid
Than we have to order coal.

The Humorists' Primer.

See the big man.
The big man is laughing.
What makes the big man laugh so heartily?
Has he just heard a funny story?
No, he has just told one.

Mexico's Centennial.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Instead of an exposition Mexico is to inaugurate a number of public improvements, national in extent and of far-reaching value. Some 900 cities and towns are to start simultaneously public works of the kind most needed in each particular locality and costing on an average $100,000 each. * * * The plan is worthy of the brain of President Diaz, whether he originated or indorsed it. The co-operation of the national government and the local governments will make this the most important event in Mexican history since independence was achieved. Instead of the centennial anniversary leaving nothing but pleasant memories and a big deficit, the effects will be felt and appreciated until the nation produces a greater man than Diaz, and that is an unlikely event.

Secretary Taft's Smile.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Secretary Taft's travels represent no policy of encroachment or aggrandizement at the expense of weaker races. The war minister, who is also a circumnavigator, is engaged only in friendly missions, and his benevolent smile is not one of the superficial sort.

His Nerves Are Steady.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Another covey of rebaters has been flushed in the Middle West. The pointers and setters are on the qui vive with quivering nostrils. The man behind the gun, however, could hold a brimful glass of water in his right hand, without spilling a drop.

Editorial Innocence.

From the Nashville American.

According to official reports, this country consumed more whisky and tobacco last year than ever before. Who the dickens drinks the liquor?

For Chief of the Creeks.

From the Boston Transcript.

The President will name a new chief for the Creeks—presumably Big-Man-Not-Afraid-of-a-Five-Million-Dollar-Conspiracy.

AT THE HOTELS.

"The proposition aired recently in many newspapers relative to the admission of Arizona and Nevada into the Union as a single State is on its very face foolish," said C. C. Carroll, of Arizona, at the Raleigh last night. Mr. Carroll is a lawyer and has come East on legal business. He was emphatic in his denouncement of the proposed policy to unite his State with Nevada.

"Any one who considers this matter seriously can see the impracticability of it. The talk to that effect is the merest folly, and is really an insult to the people down there who understand the conditions. No one who knows the geography of the West can refrain from becoming indignant when the subject is broached.

"Nevada joins Arizona for only a short distance in the central part of the State, and this adjoining portion separates the two even more, because of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, which is in a corner of each. The canyon is a precipitous gorge, more than twenty-five miles wide and practically inaccessible. On the Nevada side the canyon is bordered by an arid desert, the crossing of which is very difficult. Because of these conditions, communication between Arizona and Nevada is a practical impossibility. Were they united, as the plan proposes, with the capital of the State located at Phoenix, the executive business would be greatly impeded, and if the capital were located in Nevada, the same difficulty would confront the citizens. Members of Congress from Nevada would be forced to take indirect routes of travel and could not go from one part of the State to the other without going through California or Colorado and traveling about 2,000 miles.

"If the State penitentiary were located in Nevada those prisoners who were arrested in what is now known as Arizona would have to take the same roundabout route, and it would necessitate endless legal proceedings and requisition papers. In many other ways the difficulties are paramount, and the whole proposition seems ridiculous. Arizona is large enough and prosperous enough to come in separately, and will make a fight against coming in in any other way."

"It may sound extremely commercial for me to say so, but it is my firm conviction that advertising has a whole lot to do with the making of Presidents, just as it has in any other field of production," said J. B. Hayne, of Chicago, at the Riggs House last night.

"This fact is evident, that years ago when there were few newspapers and no mail trains, people in some parts of the country read little about the Presidents and knew less. It was then that advertising counted, but even now it cuts a great figure. Many people in remote parts of the country do little or no thinking for themselves, and indeed this is the case in the most populated districts. To these people the newspaper advertising which some of the candidates get is very inviting and they immediately begin to support that candidate.

"From the standpoint of a man well versed in the advertising business, I think that Roosevelt is the best advertised man in the country. Every paper every day contains some reference to him or his policies. Many papers devote whole pages to him and an editorial is always found with some comment on his doings. He is correspondingly strong with the masses. In the Republican party probably the next best advertised man is Taft, with Foraker a close second, and Cannon, Fairbanks, and Hughes following in close order. If La Follette would secure a good active press agent who could air his policies he would also be a power. In the Democratic party it is all Bryan as far as advertising goes, and the rest seem nowhere. My tip to politicians who are looking for office is to get a good press agent in every city and use billboards if necessary."

"The greatest opportunity for the young man who wishes to start out in a new country is to be found in Mississippi, Texas, and Louisiana, and not in the lands recently reclaimed by irrigation," said B. D. Meems, of New Orleans, at the National, last night.

"In my opinion, the young man who has a knowledge of agriculture and desires to start out in a new country can find no more encouraging prospects than those offered by the section I have just named. Here the soil is of the best, and ample transportation facilities are close at hand. Here can be found a rich loam which can be purchased for half the price of the acreage in the North. Two crops a year can be raised while they can raise only one in Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana.

"In addition, they will find a better climate. The people down there are only beginning to realize the value of these farms, and are investing their money in them. They have just come to realize that in course of time the Mississippi Valley will be one of the most fertile spots in the world, and at the same time one of the richest. In my opinion, the man with foresight will establish himself there."

"Although San Francisco has certainly suffered by the earthquake and its misfortune is regretted by all Californans, it cannot be denied that Oakland has benefited thereby," said B. L. Thompson, of San Francisco, at the Arlington last night.

"Half the people who came as refugees to Oakland decided to remain there, and from a city of 100,000 before the fire they have grown to one of more than 200,000, and as much building is being done in that city as in San Francisco itself.

"Oakland has many advantages over San Francisco. It is not compelled to ship its merchandise by ferry as San Francisco is, as it is right on the mainland and in the path of the transcontinental travel. All the roads are realizing the necessity of building large terminals there, and it will be a close race between the two cities from now on."

Spain's Indebtedness to Us.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

There can be no question but that these territorial acquisitions that came to us as a result of the war with Spain have been losing ventures. We are no better able to maintain order and contentment in these outlying territories than Spain was. Although defeated and humiliated as a result of the war, Spain has actually profited to the extent of being relieved of the burden of maintaining and governing colonies that were in a chronic state of revolution and unrest.

Government Railroad Supervision.

From the Pittsburg Post.

The growing impulse toward closer government supervision, even to the extent of government ownership or operation of railroads, will not be stayed until the private management of these enterprises purges itself. Either the stockholders and owners of these deeply sinning public service corporations will have to make radical changes in the staff and administration of their lines, or events will force rearrangements even more drastic.

Mr. Bryan Wants to Know.

From The Commoner.

With Aldrich and Foraker opposing tariff revision in the Senate, "Uncle Joe" Cannon with his Ways and Means Committee opposing tariff revision in the House, and with the tariff beneficiaries providing the campaign fund for the Republican party, does any one imagine that the tariff will be revised "after the Presidential election," in the event the Republican party wins?